

# The Muses congratulatory Address to his Excellency the Lord General MONCK.

**A** Wake ye sacred Quire the night is past,  
*Auroras* Mantl's spread, halt, halt  
 Your early joys to this Triumphant fate,  
 Of the great Rescuer our *Albian Advocate*  
 At heavens iust bar, whence he receiv'd command,  
 T'advance to th' stiffned Pharo'hs of the land,  
 The peoples suffrages in's hands he brought,  
 'Tis *Moses* they cry'd by whom we'r taught  
 The way from Egypt's task's, thus heav'nly arm'd,  
 H' approacht their Courts, 'tis *Monck*, who soon alarm'd  
 Their fatted souls, th' Locusts and Flyes saith he,  
 The giddy factions that spread th' Isle may be  
 Good tests of heavens dislike, your troops of oaths,  
 Are muster'd all against you, yet here's those,  
 Would feign raise more, such Sain's in armour they  
 Would beat God with's own weapons, and would pray  
 Him from his throne. Having now corrected  
 These hard Task-masters, he soon directed  
 To th' weary'd People, his Message was ease,  
 In th' room of civil war to bring them peace,  
 Th' unlimited bounds of ioy at this great change,  
 Had soon arriv'd th' Senate, th' events were strange,  
 And dreadful there, hard hearts would not relent,  
 But streight two forc'ers with their Tackle were sent,  
 To countermiss this truth, t' possess the world,  
 These were but knacks in State, we must be whirld,  
 With various streams, but streight were their charms,  
 By all reiected, ne'r the Churches arms (him,  
 More cheerfully embrac'd her fathers, then th' people  
 Who brought their news of freedome which had been  
 So long an exile, nor did this prophet faile,  
 In his Embasage, for soon the black veil  
 Of horrid Tyranny's withdrawn, th' chains gone,  
 The prison doors stand open; th' Jesuits run  
 To *Rome* again, and shiftless here have left  
 Their new rais'd force, Infant Schisms bereft  
 Of Parents, whose errors be confuted,  
 Enough with silence, ne'r points were thus disputed,  
 Yet reason tis, no argument needs the Sun,  
 T' disperse contracted vapours, appear, tis done,  
 The Pulpits and the Prefs of late have been  
 Fild with learn'd arguments against their sin,  
 But all in vain, Divine and favory reason  
 That taught obedience, was soon made treason,  
 By th' law of armes; The Counsells and Synodds all  
 Of former Churches gave rules to call,  
 Such heritiques to answer but we broke,  
 Our Fathers rules, we gave the fatal stroke,  
 To pious order, our zeal was sacrileg,  
 In State, our tenures all turned villanage,  
 These Tories of the Church he quickly tames,  
 Swarm'd legions of furies he soon reclaim's  
 His holy soul abhor'd to hearken to,

Phanatique dreams, he chast the dreamers too,  
 Nor is this heart without attendants fit,  
 His valiant hand, and prudent head may fit,  
 In th' chair of presidents, records must be  
 Great *George* bigbelly'd with thy history,  
 How innocently subtle hast thou wrought,  
 Thy iust atcheivments, wisely hast thou caught;  
 Our *Israels* foes, insnares and chaind them fast,  
 From preying on their brethren, thou dost cast,  
 Their darts in their own breasts, thus by thy hand  
 Our twenty years red sea, is now dry Land.  
 The Royal and the Noble blood was spilt,  
 A sacrifice for sin, yet O their Guilt.  
 Restless it was until inferiour veins,  
 Had giv'n attendance in their Masters trains,  
 Our hands besmear'd with blood our hearts all filld;  
 With mortal Feud; our word, Kill or be killd.  
 Thus foundst thou us; readier to devour  
 Then spare, Alas we'd lost all legal power,  
 Lo *Moses* in the Gap here timely stood,  
 Three Nations conquered, vvithout stain of blood,  
 This great Physitian stopped our bloody stream,  
 And no vein prick't, hath subtly cull'd the Gem,  
 And not defac'd the shell, his valiant hand  
 Still vv as of th' Lifeguard to his hearts command,  
 The Danish and the Norman conquests were  
 Founded in blood, great Princes to their Chair  
 Have stept on slaughtered Subjects, but records  
 Yeeld not thy equall, yet no bloody swords  
 Were ere ta'ne from such valiant cruel hands  
 But rivers of blood fell: Th' world amazed stands  
 At thy great acts which yet receive this Crown,  
 Tis in the Kingdoms right not in thy own:  
 Go on great Statesman get eternal praise,  
 Thy hand, the sword; thy head shall wear the Bayes.  
 Could thy just soul dispence with others right,  
 All Nations sure would covet thee, how light  
 Thy Scepter would be thought; Here's bound in thee  
 Volum's of Government, in Epitomee  
 Treasured all earthly thrones, what more's in art  
 Thy head's the Senate-house, thou Senate art  
 Now in thy journey by the Angel led  
 We leave thee with thy Israelites; they're fled  
 By divine hand in this great streight of time;  
 And if they murmur, think, tis the old crime  
 Bright *Moses* saw, to *Canaan* must they go  
 Their Fathers rights and freedoms must enjoy.  
 Great Deliverer speed on thy numerous fame  
 Vast Pyramids support the Ensigns of thy name,  
 Hast through the Desert and yet timely stay  
 At *Sina's* Mount, and there thy tribute pay  
 To Heavens great seat; All finish'd, thou wilt find  
 Heroick soul, thou hast pleas'd thy Makers mind,  
 And pregnant fame in all age shall be proud  
 To aggravate thy Name, no sullen cloud  
 Dare to eclipse it, unless t' suspected be  
 Apostate *England* near kept such Loyalty.

T. B.